

THE QUIVER

Saturday, December 18, 1869.



"It is easy to deceive a woman."—p. 164.

IN DUTY BOUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARK WARREN," "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "A BRAVE LIFE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A SEARCH IN AN OLD CHEST.

LUKE—Luke! what are you about?" asked Kate, giving a series of sharp raps at the door of the lumber-room. "Don't you know that Juliet Masterman has been here?"

"I can't help it," replied Luke, opening the door and revealing himself, his sleeves turned up, his coat off; "I'm busy."

"What in the world are you doing?"

"Looking for a paper."

"I dare say I could help you, if you had condescended to tell me what you wanted," said Kate, stepping in.

"I hardly know myself," replied Luke, in a puzzled tone. "It is clear there must be something."

"What kind of a something? And really now, just when I have put all those places tidy, and had the room cleaned!"

"Ah! that's it. One never is likely to keep anything if that odious cleaning is to go on. It means turning everything topsy-turvy. Of course——"

"I know where everything is; and a comfort if all the Ormonds could say the same!" exclaimed Kate, snappishly. "What do you want, Luke?"

"A memorandum-book of our father's. It might contain some clue to this debt Mr. Sibley talks about."

"I dare say you have not looked in the right place. That chest is full of memorandum-books and musty old papers. I had half a mind to burn them. They harbour nothing but dust and dirt."

"Just hunt about, Kate, will you? I've tired myself," said Luke, sitting contentedly down.

"That is like your laziness, Luke!" and she proceeded to search in the chest; "and if you go on in this lazy manner, you will lose Juliet altogether."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes; and if you were not the most phlegmatic man that ever lived, you would have come and spoken to her this morning."

"I shall speak to her some of these days."

"Yes; when she has decided to marry somebody else."

"Kate! what a little vixen you are!"

"And here's your memorandum-book," continued Kate, getting up, her cheeks flushed, and her fingers all over dust. "Now what would you do without me, I wonder!"

Luke took the book from her, and began to turn over the leaves in a quiet and leisurely manner.

"Give me the book. You are so slow, Luke, I haven't common patience!"

"Keep off, Kate! Here's a recipe for gooseberry wine. You had better copy it out."

"As if my gooseberry wine was not the best in the county!" said Kate, boastfully. "But is there nothing about the debt?"

"Stay, I have it! Do you see, Kate?" and he became, for him, quite excited. "Here is a page pinned in. This is the very thing I have been hunting for. This will put an end to the matter."

"Is it the receipt?" asked Kate, anxiously.

"No, not exactly; but it is something that comes very near it. It is a memorandum in my father's writing. Listen, Kate," and he began to read aloud. "I have made all square between myself and Sir Frederic Morton, touching that affair of ours. Out

of debt out of danger. I can this day call the farm my own.' What can be more clear than that?"

"But where is the receipt?" repeated Kate.

"There was a receipt, for it is mentioned. See; my father says. 'I have filed the receipt, which——' I can't make out any more; the paper is gone at the corner, as if mice had been nibbling it."

"It is like the Ormonds," said Kate, bitterly, "to leave a document of such value to the rats and mice."

"Never mind. I shall just show this memorandum to Sir Frederic. He is being hounded on by Sibley. He suspects in his heart that the debt is paid."

Kate was silent.

"I shall go at once, now that Mr. Sibley is out of the way. Sir Frederic is a very reasonable man, if one can get him by himself."

Kate was still silent. It was provoking that there should be a flaw in the evidence, which made it of no legal value. But she would not slacken Luke's activity now it was once roused. She let him start off to the Tower without a word.

Sir Frederic was shut up in his private room, the apartment in which he transacted his business affairs. He sat at a table covered with papers, and had a pale and jaded look. All he desired, as he told Mr. Sibley, was to get his affairs on a better and more correct footing.

Luke came in joyfully. He was in the best possible spirits.

"Good morning, Sir Frederic," said he, cheerily.

"I have found the memorandum I wanted."

"What, about the debt?"

"Yes, about the debt;" and Luke drew the book from his pocket.

"I am sure I am very glad to hear it. Sit down, Mr. Ormond. You will take lunch with me. Allow me;" and, with the utmost politeness, he took Luke's hat and riding-whip from him. He was glad of the opportunity of showing him some civility.

"Thank you, I do not wish for anything," said Luke, opening his memorandum-book. "Here it is, you see, written in black and white," and he unpinned the page, and gave it to Sir Frederic. "Can you have any doubt now that the debt is paid?"

Sir Frederic read over the few lines written on the page.

"Have you brought the receipt with you, Mr. Ormond?" he asked.

He knew that nothing short of the receipt would pacify Mr. Sibley. In his own mind he was convinced that the debt was paid. Many circumstances had led him to this opinion; not the least of these was the bitter hostility of Sibley to the Ormonds, and his evident desire to do them mischief. His better judgment told him it was a kind of persecution.

When Luke confessed that the receipt was not to be found, it did not alter his opinion. He knew the

careless nature of both the parties concerned, and he was not so much surprised as might have been expected. Besides, he recognised the handwriting of Luke's father, whose strict integrity he had never doubted. In fact, the memorandum was to him conclusive, and he began to congratulate Luke on having found it.

"You are satisfied, then?" said Luke.

"Oh, quite! I had no wish to proceed to extremities. I desire to live in peace with every one."

"And so do I," added Luke, hastily.

"Now, Mr. Ormond," resumed the baronet; "by-the-bye, do take something, if it is only that we may eat salt together," and he smiled, persuasively.

"Thank you, just a crust, that is all. I must be starting again directly."

"Mr. Ormond, you are still firm about not selling your farm?"

"Quite so. My dear father, when on his death-bed, charged me on no account to do so."

"Exactly. I was only thinking that perhaps Sibley— Well, that is no matter. Of course, I am the master," added Sir Frederic, with the air of a man who secretly is convinced that he will have to fight a battle.

Luke swallowed down his crust in haste. He wanted to be gone.

"All is settled straight now," thought he, as the old pony jogged leisurely along the road. "And a very nice young man the baronet is—very nice indeed. What a pity it is he's so weak, and lets that rascal Sibley have the upper hand of him!"

CHAPTER XXX.

WHAT SHOULD HE DO NOW?

"THE first of March, mother, when the spring comes in, and violet buds begin to open, then will be the happy day," said Sidney Peters, in a tone of exultation.

"Has she fixed the time, then?"

"Yes, mother."

"I am sure I am glad," said Lady Peters, as she settled her lace ruffles; "it is just the right thing for you to do. And then there is such a nice property—"

"Don't allude to that, mother, I beg," said Sidney, his face reddening. "If Miss Easton had not a farthing—"

"Now, Sidney, don't talk nonsense. You will be as bad as poor dear Frederic; and, by the way, a gentleman wishes to see you. He has been waiting the last half hour in the library."

"Who is he?—where's his card?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I was very busy when he came, and he was put in there. I have so much to attend to. Of course, when everything one puts on has to come from town—"

"It is one of my college chums, I should think," interrupted Sidney, musingly.

"Very likely. You had better ask him to dinner."

"Perhaps I had. At any rate, he has waited for me long enough;" and Sidney, humming a tune in the gaiety of his heart, turned his steps towards the library.

He was in one of his sunniest moods. All seemed to be going right with him. Adela had fixed the date of his happiness. Herself, her fortune, would both be his. He would have no need to drudge at the law, or weary himself to get clients. Instead of this, he was about to seek the sunny skies of Italy, and wander with his beloved among the groves of orange and myrtle. Could anything be more in unison with his nature?

Thinking this, and still humming some glad song, he opened the door. Then suddenly, and without a moment's preparation, he came into the presence of Reuben Howard.

He tried to recover himself. He was not a person to be run down speedily. He had shifts, and doublings, and evasions without number. For if it were so, Reuben Howard could but come on one errand.

He had heard Amy speak of her brother Reuben, and with quick perception had sounded the danger of the girl's taking him into her confidence. What a coward thought it was which made him seal her lips from her only guardian and defender! Is he not ashamed? Does he not blush for his own baseness? No; not yet. He is casting over in his versatile mind how to escape from the dilemma. The future has never much hold on Sidney Peters. It is the present. If he can only get rid of the immediate embarrassment, trust him to find means of a complete riddance!

All this time he and his visitor are standing. Reuben, sternly weighing merit, and merit only, is scrutinising the face which men, and women too, have thought so beautiful.

It has no charm for him. He sees through the gorgeous veil into the meagre heart beneath. The beauty he prizes is other than this. It is the ornament of a meek spirit; the grace of faith, and love, and purity. No matter in what homely frame the jewel be set, he esteems it beyond all price. Here, in this gaudy setting, is a worthless pebble!

Beneath this severe scrutiny, Sidney did not lose his self-possession; and in the bland and musical tones of a voice which rarely failed to captivate, he accosted his unwelcome guest, and begged him to be seated.

But Reuben remained standing. His voice was not musical, but harsh and rugged, as he inquired if the person he addressed was Sidney Peters.

Sidney coloured with displeasure. "My friends are permitted to call me so," replied he, as if he would rebuke the rudeness of the speech.

"Pardon me; I have heard the name from the lips of my sister Amy."

Again comes the treacherous smile—the insidious courtesy intended to throw the other off his guard.

"I am really glad to make the acquaintance of one whom I have learned to esteem so highly. Pray be seated."

Reuben sat down; but the attitude he assumed was not conciliatory, nor were the other's blandishments of the slightest avail.

"On whatever business you are come," resumed Sidney, with seeming ingenuousness, "is there any reason why we should not shake hands before we enter upon it, especially as I perceive you are a clergyman?" And he held out his hand.

Reuben did not take it.

"Sir," replied he, gravely, and with sternness, "I see in you the man who has won my sister's love, and has promised to make her your wife. I leave you to guess how far your conduct towards her has been worthy of my respect."

"On my word, you deal hardly with me, Mr. Howard. Judge now between us. Your sister was here in a very useful capacity. I need not name it, out of deference to your feelings—and here am I. Look at me! Do you think the match would conduce to our mutual happiness? Do you think that Lady Peters would open her arms to a daughter chosen from her own establishment?"

This was the man who once had told her that a clergyman stood in the same rank as a baronet.

Reuben's face was white and rigid. The words stung him, though he would not allow it.

He said that his errand was simply this:—Amy had refused to forget her lover. He had endeavoured, but vainly, to induce her to do so. She was drooping and ill with mental distress, and the sick yearning after Sidney. She had come to reside with him, being unfitted for her usual employments. His home, such as it was, was the only shelter she had. She was quite welcome. He would fain comfort her if he could, and build her up into a useful character; but this attachment was undoing her. Why should he see her die? Was it not Sidney's duty, plainly and palpably, to fulfil his promise and marry her? Was he not in duty bound?

There was a solemnity about the manner of Reuben Howard, and a resolute determination, that set all trifling aside. Sidney glanced downward at the abyss on the borders of which he stood.

The marriage would ruin him as far as the world went, and end away his fairest hopes. Besides, his heart—so he termed the bauble—was now possessed by Adela. Should he make a clean breast and say so? He did not think he dare. He was in the power of an iron will that, he felt convinced, nothing could induce to bend. Besides, there was his mother. The drops actually stood on his forehead from the dread lest she should make her appearance. How if Reuben appealed to her? How if he carried the

matter to Miss Easton? There is no knowing what might not be the result of this interview.

Anything would be more politic than downright opposition. He must throw the enemy off the scent. He must take to doubling.

"He was very sorry," he began; "indeed, his conscience was roused by what Mr. Howard had said. He had no wish to inflict ill on one he had tenderly loved. He thought Amy had forgotten him. He was willing to take any step that Mr. Howard could suggest."

The liquid tenderness of his eye, the feeling expression of his face, might have misled the veriest sceptic. Even Reuben, for the moment, was off his guard.

"What would you have me do?" repeated Sidney. And in spite of himself, the musical sweetness of his voice penetrated the reluctant ears of the other. "I am willing to adopt any course."

"Then will you entrust me with a message? May I hear from your own lips that you will visit my sister, as her affianced husband? That you will redeem your pledge, and heal the wound you have inflicted. May I?"

Sidney was on his strictest guard. He tried to force back the colour to a cheek which Reuben's proposition had left bloodless. Between himself and ruin there was but a single step!

But on that step would hang deliverance. Was he not subtle, adroit, and swift?

With an unflinching voice he sent the message. He would come. Amy might expect him. The pledge might be redeemed; the wound healed.

Was it possible to doubt the sincerity of his words? Was it possible that even the rugged spirit of Reuben Howard should, to the end, withstand the fair words, the promises, the blandishments, of an adept like Sidney Peters?

He did not withstand them. He went on his way, gladdened by the good tidings which he bore.

And what did Sidney say?

"My only safety now is in a speedy marriage with Miss Easton. The first of March will be too late!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"IT IS EASY TO DECEIVE A WOMAN."

"SHE seems ailing a little. She frets after her aunt. Happen when all this is over, and we've got quieter, she may be better."

The staid old nurse, a privileged person, who had known Adela from her cradle, made this remark. Adela had come to pay a visit to her niece. Her time had been much occupied of late. The full, flowing tide had borne her on with an impetuosity that made her wonder. She had little space to devote to Ethel, in these days. In a fortnight—imagine how near it was!—in a fortnight, she had promised to become the wife of Sidney Peters. He had urged on the marriage and prevailed. She was in a state

of great bliss. She loved to sit alone and think of Sidney; that is, when Sidney was not present. And most of his time was spent at the Hall.

She was expecting Sidney that morning, and when she had caressed the child, and her visit had extended its usual length, she strolled out to meet him. She was in the habit of doing so.

It was a balmy morning in the early spring. Violets gave out perfume, and the spring flowers gladdened every sheltered nook and corner.

What springs, what summers, what golden autumns would be hers now! The whole year one gush of gladness!

Look at her as she walks along in all the fullness of her youth and beauty. She has reached the very height of her felicity. Is it not too bright to last? Is there not a point where the tide may turn?

She strolled into a sheltered walk, where thick evergreens made a wall on either side. It was called the "Lovers' Walk," a name which had often made her smile incredulously.

Half way down there was a rustic arbour, which in summer-time would be crowned with roses and woodbine. Even now pale buds were pushing forth rapidly. The spot was so screened that even in winter she can sometimes sit there. In this jubilant period she was wont to wait there for Sidney.

She wonders he is not come, and while she wonders she hears voices and footsteps on the gravel road which leads to the house.

A voice speaks, as it were, into her ear. It is the voice of Sidney Peters.

She had no time to stir or to utter a sound.

The words fell upon her with the suddenness of an avalanche, or of the swift, cleaving lightning.

"Of course, I shall get rid of the child."

There is a laugh. Could it be Sidney's? No; it was his mother who laughed.

"It is so easy to deceive a woman. Only let me get married!"

Again his mother laughed, and the two passed on. The jeering voice of Sidney and the mocking laugh of his mother were heard a few moments longer—then all was silent.

Could she have heard aright? She did not leave the spot where she stood until a sick faint shivering came over her. Then, slowly and with difficulty, she retraced her steps to the house.

She went to her room as to a refuge where at least she might be alone. She had a sensation of physical illness—a bruised, aching sensation—a dull pain at her heart and in her brain. It was a slippery height from which she had fallen, and she lay crushed and half dead.

She knew they would send for her—the two visitors whom she had heard talking. Could she go to them; meet Sidney's smile, and hear his mother's platitudes?

They must go away; and plot, and jeer, and mock, and say it was easy to deceive a woman!

After a time they went away. The servant who had brought the message came back to say that they were gone. And then Adela closed her door on the outer world, and lay down again.

She did not move or stir. She lay silent and motionless, as though she had been turned to stone. It was as if the frost had laid hold of some gushing rill, and left it as hard as iron.

She knew that if tears came they might relieve her. Tears were what she wanted; but her eyes were dry at present.

All at once, through the open window, came the soft piping of the blackbird and the thrush. She had heard the same notes yesterday, when strolling in the garden with Sidney. He had stopped to listen, and had said to her, in his flowery manner, that the spring was come, and the singing of birds was heard in the land. She remembered his voice and his look as vividly as if he were before her. Between now and yesterday what a dismal gulf was fired!

The rent in her happiness—the rock on which it had split, was not so much the threat of separation from her niece. She was in duty bound not to allow the separation. She had pledged herself solemnly, and she would redeem the pledge. The stunning blow came from the words which Sidney had used.

"It is so easy to deceive a woman!"

The veil, alluring as it was, had been rent away. The golden halo dispersed. He was not the man she had supposed. He was not to be trusted. He said one thing, but he meant another.

Out of his own mouth had come the confession, that he was about to deceive her. And she had fancied him as true as steel!

Where had she been floating to—down this glad river with its sunny banks? To a union with one who would speedily take off the mask; who would appear in his real character; who would jeer, and mock, and tell her it had been "easy to deceive a woman."

There was a truthfulness in Adela's nature, which made her intolerant of deceit and treachery. And if such were his sentiments, he had uttered falsehoods without number.

Oh, it had been too bright and garish—this golden future! Its colours had died out, like the tints in the western sky!

She knew that it was over between herself and Sidney. She knew it, as she lay there, hour after hour, all through that fair spring day, when Nature was revelling in sweet sounds and newly awakening perfumes; when insects hummed, and birds carolled, and buds unfolded; when all living creatures rejoiced save one—one to whom it seemed as if no spring would ever come again!

(To be continued.)

A WORLD WITHOUT PAIN.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

THE reader of this paper will need to be told what pain is. Could one be found in such a state of complete and blissful ignorance, it would be quite impossible to convey to his mind any adequate idea of pain, by definition, though never so exact, or description, though never so minute and vivid. We must feel pain to know what it is. Experience is the only teacher, and, in a world like this, there is probably no one who has not been initiated in some degree into the mystery of pain by his sharp but effective tuition. We have all been in pain ourselves; we have all seen others in pain. It is that evil against the very existence of which we all vehemently, however vainly, protest, and from the approach of which we instinctively shrink. So universally is it accounted an evil, that any one is adjudged worthy of honour, as a benefactor of his species, who, by the discovery of some anodyne or nepenthe, lessens the sum total of this world's pain.

That pain, considered in itself, is an evil, no sane person would for a moment think of denying. It is to be regarded, however, as by no means an unmixed evil, but one which is in many different ways productive of good. The poet sings,—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Hides yet a precious jewel in his head."

What is here affirmed of adversity in particular, we may affirm of pain in general. "Ugly and venomous" as it may seem, it "hides a precious jewel in its head," and its uses are necessary if not "sweet." Evil in itself, it worketh out our good; and, constituted as we are and the world is, it is evident, upon a very little consideration, that it would not be for our advantage to do without pain.

The many and manifold pains from which we suffer, are to be regarded as so many sentinels, which God has benevolently commissioned to warn us off from the different portals of death and avenues of destruction, into which we might otherwise incontinently wander, to return no more for ever. The voice of pain is, in this world, chiefly, though, even in this world, not exclusively, that of *warning*; for here and now, to some noticeable extent, pain has a *penal, retributive* character. Following as an almost inevitable sequence from the violation of the laws of nature and of God, it is well adapted, as it is, without question, designed, to exercise a deterrent influence. Its utterance is, "Stand back!" "Beware!" "Do thyself no harm!" It is the turning on of the red light. It is the exhibition of God's danger-signal.

We have all thought, it is likely many times, what a good thing it would be to live in a *world without pain*, and in which we should be exempted from the very possibility of suffering. But a moment's reflection must convince us that it would not be a good thing, but a very evil and dangerous thing, to live in a world *like this* without pain. It would be a very terrible thing if God were to remove all those sentinels to whose warnings, remonstrances, protestations, and even forcible resistance, we owe so much of our security. But few of us perhaps have ever fairly estimated how much we owe to the ministry of pain.

In the QUIVER there appeared, some little time since, a tale in which we have an account, in the form of a German legend, of a man who secured for himself an entire exemption from physical pain. This, however, as his adventures, or rather misadventures show, proved to be a bane and not a blessing. No longer warned off from sources of danger by pain, he heedlessly exposed himself to the destructive influences by which he was surrounded, and ere very long he died a terrible death. What is there described as having happened to one, would assuredly, with sundry modifications, happen to us all, if in this world there were no such thing as pain. Unwarned of our danger by any painful sensation, we should gaze upon the splendour of the midday sun, till we were smitten with incurable blindness. Experiencing no fever of thirst, no craving of hunger, no painfulness of fatigue, we should go on in pursuit of our pleasure or our business, until we fell down irrecoverably exhausted. The monitions of pain being withdrawn, we should expose ourselves to extremes of heat and cold which would prove inevitably and, perhaps, swiftly fatal. Undisturbed by the painful symptoms of incipient disease, all precautionary means would be neglected, till at last the most potent remedy would prove unavailing. The glutton, the drunkard, the voluptuary, free from all painful reminiscences of excess, would go on heedlessly violating the laws of moderation, till the final penalty of death was exacted. We might easily multiply our illustrations, but enough has been said to show that we, in a world like this, could not do without pain. We all instinctively shrink from the idea of having to endure pain, but how much better is it for us to be exposed to its sharp attack, than to suffer from the numbness of paralysis, the insensibility of mortification.

But there are many pains in this world besides physical pains. Bad as they are, they are not by any means the worst we may be called on to

endure. There are many sorrows that rend and lacerate the heart, which are not in any degree associated with physical anguish. These, too, have their uses. These may, and in many cases actually do, contribute to the production of many forms of good not otherwise attainable. God has great love for his children; he would not have them suffer one needless pang or shed one needless tear; but he knows that they must suffer, nor will he spare them for their crying. Let us remember, however, that he chastens us only "for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness;" and one day we shall discover how necessary were those more painful portions of life, which we now find so hard to bear, and so much harder to explain.

We have noticed how, by various forms of physical pain, we are warned against those sources of physical danger to which we expose ourselves through a wilful or heedless violation of God's order. It is even so in spiritual things. Unless we are steeped in that fatal insensibility, which so often steals over the souls of men as the consequence of persistent and habitual wrong-doing—unless we have attained to that position, than which there can be none more dreadful in this world, where we may be described as *past feeling*—we shall, if we sin, experience some pang of compunction, which, though painful, may prove salutary. It is hard to have to go out with Peter and weep bitterly, and pass through all the agony of a second repentance, but it is better than to be drugged by some opiate of Satan, and to slumber on in sin till we awake in perdition. From whatever point we view this subject, it very plainly appears that it would not be for our advantage to live in this world without pain.

But while at present we may not expect, and should not even desire, to live in a world in which there is enjoyed complete exemption from pain, if we are Christians we have the prospect of living in such a world by-and-by. In God's Word we have the existence of such a world revealed to us—a world in which there is no pain. The pang which the Christian experiences in leaving this world, is the last which he will be called on to endure; he will then enter that other world, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, *neither shall there be any more pain.*"

Believing in Christ, who is the resurrection and the life, confiding in the Gospel, in which we have life and immortality brought to light, we are able with confident expectation to anticipate the time when we shall live in *a world without pain*.

Indulging in this anticipation, the first thought that occurs to us is, that wherever heaven may be, and in whatever the heavenly life may consist, it must be, in many important particulars, a totally different world from this.

Here we have a world which is not only distinguished by the presence of pain, but by the necessity for it. A very superficial examination is enough to convince us that we are so constituted, and that our relations to the present material order of things are such, that human life could not be maintained, in any tolerable degree of well-being, without pain. But if there be any truth in God's Word, it will not be so in heaven. Whatever may or may not distinguish the heavenly life, we are quite sure it will be distinguished by its perfect freedom from all pain; and a little reflection must make it evident that there will be no pain in heaven, because all the causes of, and reasons for, both physical and moral pain, which now exist and operate, will there and then have no existence.

In this world there would have been no pain had there been no sin, and with the cessation of sin—our complete deliverance from it—there will be associated the cessation of sorrow, our entire exemption from pain.

The presence of pain in this world is designed to teach us something of the evil of sin. It is an abiding and bitter memorial of sin's entrance into the world. God, with a wise and gracious purpose in view, has inseparably linked sin with suffering. All pain is penal—follows sin as punishment, as indeed the very word itself indicates. We cannot understand pain—its mission, its ministry—if we disassociate it from the moral government of God. In taking this view of the subject we may not individualise, nor (save in our own case) seek to apply a general rule to particular instances. We know that had there been no sin, there would have been no suffering; and that we all suffer because we all sin. But we should not seek to explain particular sufferings by reference to particular sins; and if we see any one suffering to an exceptional extent, we are not to imagine, like Job's friends, that the root of the suffering is some sin of unusual enormity. They upon whom the tower in Siloam fell were not greater sinners than the other dwellers in Jerusalem who were untouched by the catastrophe. One purpose of God in so largely associating pain with our life in this world, is to remind us of the existence of sin, and give us some idea of its evil nature. We know that there is that in sin itself which is very much worse than any of its consequences, for the cause must be greater than the effect; but God points to the pains and sorrows of life and says, "You know what pain is, what a disagreeable thing it is, what a dreadful and all but intolerable thing it is; you know how the continuance of a comparatively slight pain interferes with all the comfort and enjoyment of life; know also that *pain*, of which you have such a dread, is but *one* of the consequences of sin, of

which you make so slight. Remember, that had there been no sin, there would have been no pain." This is what God is saying to us by means of the pains and sorrows of life; and we must feel there is great need that we should lay to heart the lesson thus taught. But we are on our way to a painless, because a sinless, world—a world in which we shall have no need to be reminded of the existence of sin, or of its evil or enormity, for though it will still exist, it will have no place in the world in which we dwell, and we shall be delivered not only from its foul presence and depraving influence, but from all love of it, and from all tendency towards it.

There will be no pain in heaven because it will be a world in which we shall be set free from this body of sin and death, and from all relation to this present material order of things which has become deteriorated and disorganised by the influence of sin. Though we know not precisely its nature, there can be no doubt that a change, involving deterioration, has affected man's physical nature, and all the material conditions of existence in this world. Man in sinning fell not alone, but dragged down the material creation to share his humiliation and ruin, so that, to use the words of the Apostle Paul, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

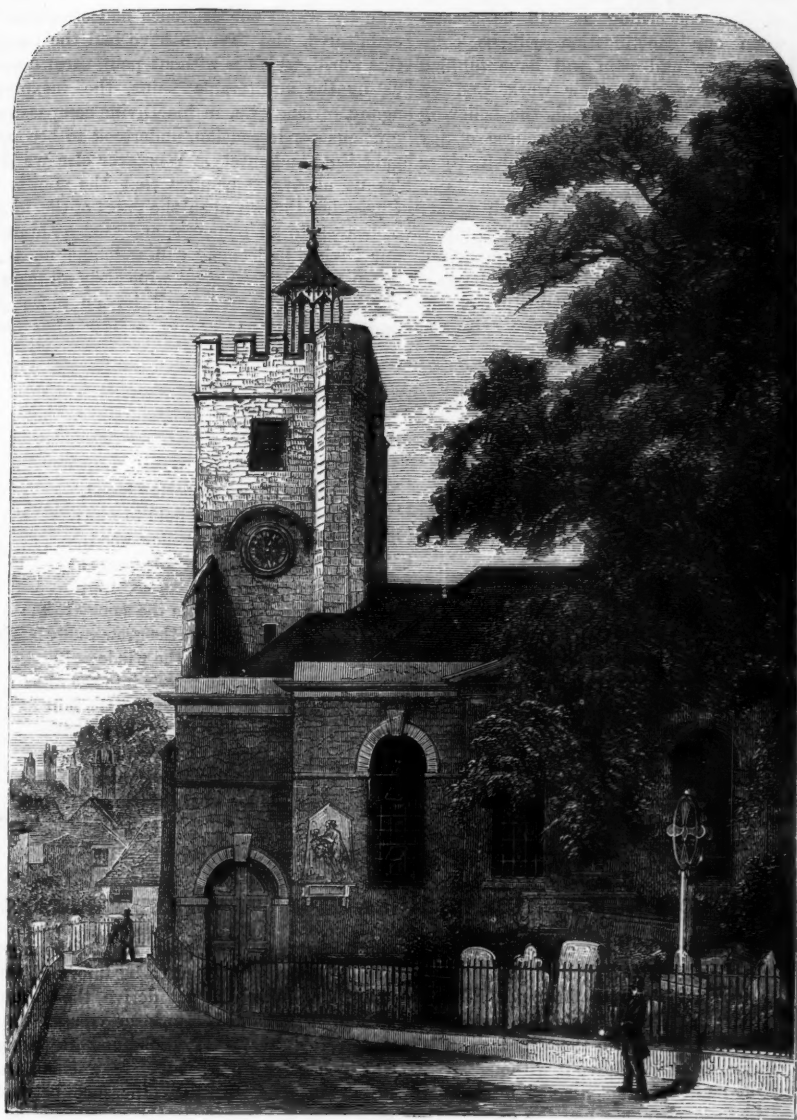
In and through the Lord Jesus Christ we are set free from all the guilt of sin; we are freely and fully pardoned; we are "justified from all things;" so that to those who are in Christ Jesus there is no longer any condemnation. But though Christ's work is thus gloriously complete, and though we are very distinctly taught that he is the Saviour of man's entire nature, yet have we to wait for "the redemption of the body." There are certain physical consequences of sin, certain painful reminiscences of it, from which we shall never entirely escape while living in this world. We are not likely to be perfectly exempt from pain, we never can be perfectly safe against its invasion, while we live in a world which is so seriously affected by the presence and influence of sin, and carry about this the body of our humiliation.

So long as we remain tenants of this fleshly tabernacle, we may be called upon at any moment to suffer pain, and a change in our material circumstances may bring upon us suffering and disaster very hard to endure; but when we pass away from this world, and are set free from this, which, after all, is the house of our soul's captivity, there will be no more pain. We are taught, moreover, in God's Word, that this freedom from pain which we anticipate is not dependent on the fact of our existing in a disembodied state; for when clothed upon with a body which is to

be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Redeemer, and dwelling in the new heavens and the new earth, which are to be the special and eternal abode of the righteous, we shall not only find ourselves still free from all the assaults of pain, but for the first time realising the full blessedness of our then perfected redemption.

There will be no pain in heaven, because there will be no need for the monitions and cautions which it is here commissioned to utter. We have seen that pain in this world acts the part of a sentinel, warning us off from dangers which we might otherwise heedlessly approach; and it is the sharp stroke which it inflicts, which not unfrequently makes us shrink back alarmed from a destruction which, but for it, had claimed us as its prey. In heaven there will be no need for God to station such sentinels—all the avenues of destruction and death will be closed. Living in complete and intelligent harmony with the will of God, we shall never be tempted to violate his order, or at any time to transgress his commandments. Guided by a sure and unerring instinct, we shall be in no danger of mistaking evil for good, or of entering on a perilous course merely because it looks pleasant. In that heavenly paradise in which we shall dwell no tempter will lurk, no serpent sting. The voice of warning will be silent, because all danger will be infinitely remote.

There will be no pain in heaven because the disciplinary purposes, the accomplishment of which pain is in this world made to subserve, will have been fully answered. Pain, here, is an enemy pressed into the service of a friend; evil in itself, it is made the minister of good. It is the instrument of our sanctification. We are to be made perfect by suffering. The preacher tells us that "sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." Many have been able to say with the Psalmist, "Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept thy word." We are cast into the furnace, not that we might be consumed, but that we might be purified, that our dross might be purged away, and that at last, as pure metal, we might reflect the face of the refiner. We are subjected to the crushing weight of tribulation, not that we might be destroyed, but that the wheat which God shall safely garner, may be separated from the chaff which the wind will drive away. We need pain to make us humble, and to keep us humble. We need the sorrows of life to drive us near to God, and to keep us near. It might be easily shown, did we descend to detail, that the sorrows and pains of life, in their manifold ministries, contribute to the development of many of the noblest and most beautiful features of character, and subserve in a very remarkable degree the higher culture of Christian life. "No



RICHMOND CHURCH.

chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." But though this discipline is now so much needed, the time is coming when the will of God concerning us will be accomplished, when our sanctification will be complete, when sorrow and pain will have fulfilled their ministry, have done their work, and we shall find ourselves in that world, the believing anticipation of which is to us a source of joy and strength now—the world in which there shall be no more pain.

We see, then, that, in the world which we are approaching, we shall be thus freed from pain, not because the tone of our vitality is lowered, not because our sensibility is deadened, but because all the physical and moral and spiritual causes of pain, and reasons for it, which here exist and operate, will there have no existence.

Let us, then, thank God for the prospect which opens up before us in his Word, and may our feelings of gratitude have a deeper flow, and attain to a loftier and more adequate mode of expression, as we remember that we have been set free from pain by which our existence had otherwise been embittered, and that we have had the portals of this world, which is without pain, thrown open to us by the unutterable pains, the inexpressible agony, of One who, in his Divine compassion and gracious condescension, undertook to become our substitute and surety. Whatever else we forget, let us always remember that the Lord Jesus Christ has thrown open the gates of the kingdom of heaven to all believers, and that he himself, as our Divine Redeemer, will welcome us to that world where "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, *neither shall there be any more pain.*"

THE MILL.

I.

THE chestnut roofs are turning brown,
Thin vapours dim the spacing flood;
Figures in dusk and dust pass down
The twilight road that skirts the wood;
The dairy-carts are harnessed yet
Where by the cows the milkmaids sit;
While by the bridge the quaint old mill,
With walls moss-rusted and old wheel
O'ergreened with marrish weed, is still
Turning the stone that grinds the meal.
And now, as gleams with dew the turf,
Busily bound
On its drowsy round,
Goes snoring through the gusts of surf.

II.

Now deeper shadows gathering brood,
As evening fades from gold to rose;
The ruined tower in the yellow wood
With rooks about it, greyer grows:
Far away in the steeples brown
The clocks toll from the smoky town;
The cottage hearths grow ruddy bright,
The cat upon the window-sill
Stretches and prowls into the night;
And all is still except the mill
That now—with silence at its will—
Grinds up its whir
And drumming purr
With the low of the cattle on the hill.

T. C. I.

RICHMOND CHURCH AND THE GRAVE OF THE POET THOMSON.

NO Surrey village can place itself on a level with Richmond. The rich prospect from its far-famed hill, the beauties of its park, its connection with royalty, and the marriage of its name to "immortal verse," leave it without a rival.

The present name of the "village" reminds us of a great historic change, when the glory of the Plantagenets faded before the rising star of the house of Tudor, and Henry, Earl of Richmond, by rebuilding the ancient palace, caused the old and expressive name, Sheen, to yield to that of Richmond.

Sheen—the beautiful—was well fitted to describe the natural beauties of the landscape; but Rich-

mond was more complimentary to the new regal line. Few readers need to be informed that the house of Tudor did not derive the earldom of Richmond from this southern village, but from the ancient castle of Richmond in Yorkshire, which once gave a name to a small county. Great, indeed, was the difference between the palace on the green levels of Sheen, and the frowning fortress which looked down from its rocky height upon the waters of the Swale. Marked, too, was the contrast between the history of the two places. The northern pile was a strong fortalice and nothing more; but the Surrey palace was, from early times, the home of kings. The learned Henry I. had a quiet palace here; Edward

I. when ceasing to "hammer the Scots," found a retirement in his Sheen domain; here Edward III., the "mighty victor, mighty lord," died abandoned by all, save one old man who whispered the prayers for the dying at his side; in this palace, Henry VIII. feasted the young Emperor Charles V.; here, too, the Princess Elizabeth was, for a time, a prisoner, and in the same place afterwards amused herself by dancing "six or seven galliards in a morning." In Richmond Palace, both she and her grandfather died. We grieve to add that, about seven years before her death, the maiden queen was sorely vexed and deeply tried in the very chapel of this palace by an uncourtly preacher, named Rudd, actually reminding her, and in his sermon too, that time had "furrowed her face, and sprinkled her hair with its meal."

Thus it will be seen that Richmond Palace has a history. But time has given to the old northern castle its revenge; its grey ruins still have an impressive grandeur, and the stern keep looks defiant as of yore, but Richmond Palace has left but a solitary and unpicturesque gateway to remind us of the ancient regal home. What would the proud Margaret, Countess of Richmond, have done had her astrologer, the "spirit medium" of that day, showed her in vision the almost total destruction of her son's palace? Perhaps, instead of devoting her fortune to found St. John's College, Cambridge, the money might have been appropriated to the support of this palace. The lady was capable, to judge by her words, of a greater sacrifice than that. Some readers may recollect her bold declaration, that if a new crusade could be formed, she "would go with the army as laundress." A dame of "Tudor fire" was she! The dismantling of the palace began under the Commonwealth, when they sold the old tapestry, "727 ells, at £2 10s. per ell, for £1,817 10s.," to a Mr. Grinder, on Thursday, 23rd October, 1651. Under a continued system of dilapidation, the once stately pile became "small by degrees;" and the same fate has befallen the ancient Carthusian priory founded by Henry V. in the palace park. The king resolved that his monks should not want for fish or wine; he bestowed upon them the Sheen fishery and an annual present of four pipes of Gascony wine. Even the small house of the Observant Friars, founded by the parsimonious Henry VII., is only remembered by "Fryers' Lane."

Thus every adjunct of the palace has passed away, except the old park, now a part of Kew Gardens, and the tilting-ground, now "the village green." Some may, indeed, regard the "maids of honour" cheese cakes as relics of the days when Richmond was a regal home. These, however, are rather memorials of the royal confectioner who invented them to delight the palate of George II.

But if the palace, the priory, and the Grey Friars'

house are all things of the past, perhaps the church will form the point of union between the Richmond of the nineteenth century and the Sheen of ancient times. There, doubtless, we shall find some worthy monuments of him who may be called the Richmond poet, the author of "The Seasons." To the church, then, we will go. Our first glance at the exterior is enough to show that the architect was not troubled by any poetic richness of invention. An old time-worn tower, probably of the fourteenth century, has been joined—in union most unblest—to a tasteless brick building. The old church which stood on this site appears to have had little of architectural beauty; but it must have been somewhat in harmony with the character of the tower. We thought of some picturesque country churches, any one of which would have given a suitable grave for him who wrote of summer richness and spring-tide beauty, and could not help regretting that Richmond is his burial-place. But let us enter the church; the interior may, possibly, possess more suggestive power. No; all that can be said is, that the inside of the church is in harmony with the outside. The two rows of wooden pillars, one down each side of the nave, are said to stand on the foundation walls of the old church, and thus enable us to calculate the smallness of the former structure.

If Richmond Church cannot expect a place in the history of ecclesiastical architecture, it has a page in the annals of pew battles. The repewing of a church has not unfrequently produced a parish fight. This befell Richmond after the extensive repairs and alterations made about 1620. Among the crowd of combatants on pew rights, a Mr. George Savage stands pre-eminent as 'a specimen of parochial pugnacity. This worthy was not satisfied with his freshly allotted seat, and insisted upon another. This was resisted, whereupon the determined parishioner took forcible possession of the coveted pew. The door was then locked, but the man of the Savage family laughed at this, and broke open the door. The congregation could, however, boast of other resolute men ready to do battle on the pew question; and Mr. Savage was summarily ejected by "force and arms" from his chosen corner. A faculty was now obtained by the legal occupants of the pew; but the despiser of locks was also a contemner of faculties. His assaults on the besieged pew still continued, and the case at length took the serious form of "a Star Chamber matter." Even this high and mighty court seems to have been perplexed; and the result was an order to remove the pew altogether. Thus the obstinate Mr. Savage had the grim satisfaction of feeling that, if he had lost the bone of battle, no other dog could rejoice in the possession.

The Richmond congregation had other troubles to contend with, in the shape of unruly children and misbehaving dogs. So serious did the double nuisance become, that a vestry meeting was called to devise a remedy. All readers will be glad to hear that the wisdom of the parish was equal to the emergency. The following extract from the vestry minutes, dated 9th October, 1637, will indicate the means adopted for preserving order in the church:—"Resolved, that the churchwardens pay Simon Hughes fourpence every Lord's Day, for the quieting the children in Divine service and the whipping out of the dogs." Considering the complex nature of the duties, no one can say that Simon Hughes was overpaid.

If pew-fights, noisy children, and impudent dogs should suggest a badly-managed parish, we beg permission to state a fact, showing some desire to secure vocal harmony in the conduct of Divine service. The choice of a parish clerk was no light matter in Richmond two hundred years ago. In the year 1653 the parish wanted a clerk, and Walter Smyth became a candidate. As Walter spelled his name with a *y*, he doubtless ranked far above the multitudinous "Smith" family. But that was of little avail in the eyes of a discerning vestry. The ambitious candidate was not elected to his high office, until he had "made trial of his ability." This was doubtless all right, but we have known clerks in these enlightened times who would have sadly failed in a "trial of ability." Truly we must not always laugh at our forefathers.

The ladies of the nineteenth century will, perhaps, think very lightly of the wisdom of the old Richmond vestry, when they learn that this audacious body actually undertook the control of woman's tongue. Terrible was the penalty enforced by the parish worthies against dames of unbridled speech. The following entry, dated 1572, shows the mode in which a scold, Mrs. Downing, was treated in that year:—"Mrs. Downing, wife to W. Downing, grave-maker, was put into the ducking-stool, and ducked three times." The records do not show whether this rigorous proceeding secured the future domestic peace of W. Downing; we hope the best, but we fear the worst. The vestry seems to have had an abiding faith in the "ducking," as in 1603 we find a sum of about £1 3s. 4d. paid for a new "stool." The modern officials of St. Mary Magdalene must look back with curiosity on the awful powers of their predecessors.

If we turn from the revelations of the vestry books to the history told by the monuments in or around the church, we find little to remind us of the former regal splendour of Richmond, or of the troubled current of its bygone life. The churchyard is crowded, and there, perhaps, the pugnacious Mr. Savage and the once scolding

Dame Downing rest from turmoil, but no epitaph points out their narrow cells. A once famous actor, an industrious and ingenious authoress, a political, eccentric, and freethinking divine, and the poet of "The Seasons" are recalled to our recollection by their monuments. A conspicuous white marble tablet near the south door, reminds us that here Edmund Kean sleeps after his "splendid race," ended in gloom. Close by is the monument of the poetess and tale-writer, Barbara Hofland, who neither dazzled the understanding nor stirred the deeper passions of the heart, but satisfied young and quiet minds by her gentle tales, "Emily" and "The Unloved One."

Within the church and close to the pulpit is the monument of Gilbert Wakefield, the grave being in the churchyard east of the chancel. The tablet gives but few hints of the chequered life of him to whose memory it was dedicated. Though the son of a vicar of Kingston and a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, he describes his ordination as "the most disingenuous action of my whole life, utterly incapable of palliation or apology." He flitted from curacy to curacy, yet read widely; studied not only Hebrew, but Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, Persian and Ethiopic; acted for a time as head of the Dissenters' Academy or College at Warrington; wrote on ancient church history, and showed his versatility by editing the works of Latin, Greek, and English poets. These subjects not being sufficiently diversified, Mr. Wakefield rushed into politics, was indicted for a libel, and sentenced to imprisonment for two years in Dorchester gaol. He appears, however, to have agreed with Colonel Lovelace that "stone walls do not a prison make," and continued his studies and publications to prove that his "soul was free." This good humoured endurance had its reward in the satisfactory and solid form of £5,000 raised by sympathising friends. His prison doors were opened on the 29th May, 1801, but Gilbert Wakefield's war with society was soon over; he died in the September of the same year. This monument was erected by his brother, the Vicar of Richmond, and may symbolise to some the hapless fate of incautious talent when at war with the world.

To many, the grave of James Thomson will suggest more interesting thoughts than that of Kean, Hofland, or of Wakefield. It will surprise some to find that the only visible memorial of Richmond's poet is a mean brass plate on the west wall, placed at such a height that a telescope is required in order to read the inscription. The plate was put up by the Earl of Buchan in 1792, and the grave of the poet is immediately underneath. There is a tradition in the parish that the body rests partly within and partly outside the church. This arose from certain alterations in the west end of the building, subsequent to the

burial of the poet. With the exception of the small plate, there is nothing to remind a visitor of the author of "The Seasons." This may be a time-honoured English custom, but as Thomson lived and died in Richmond, and much of its scenery gives richness and beauty to his finest poetical descriptions, the result is not pleasant. Nor is it altogether a compensation to be told that a conspicuous monument has been raised near his native place in Scotland. We think a bust, at least, might have been placed in Richmond Church. Some memorials of Thomson, however, still remain in the "village." The cottage in which the poet died has been incorporated into what is now called Rosedale House, formerly a residence of Lord Shaftesbury. Thomson's study, and the table on which many of his works were written, are still preserved, and also the summer alcove in which he loved to sit. The present house, though much larger than the simple home of the poet, has nothing very attractive about it, but is easily found by walking down Kew Foot Lane, as the name "Rosedale" is painted on the wall near the entrance gate. The trees under which the poet mused are still standing, exhibiting, in all probability, more of luxuriant beauty than in the time of Thomson.

The visitor who wishes to realise the exact appearance and surroundings of the place as it appeared of old, must, in fancy, turn Rosedale House into a simple cottage, and must annihilate the adjacent dwellings, which now banish all notions of a secluded rural home. This unpretending abode just suited the easy and rather self-indulgent temperament of Thomson. The garden was quiet enough for a literary chat in fine weather, and the "parlour" large enough for a winter evening's party.

Though Thomson's indolence was so notorious as to be the standing joke of his friends, he would nevertheless often start off, even at night, to walk from Richmond to London. On one of these occasions he was robbed of his watch by a highwayman, but comforted his friends with the remark that it had "never been good for anything." Another, and, probably, the last of these walks,

had more serious consequences. He crossed the river in a boat on a cold evening, when heated by exertion, and took a feverish chill, which ended in an illness of which he died, on the 27th of August, 1748, at the age of forty-eight.

Few readers will require the information that James Thomson was born on the 11th of September, 1700, in the manse of Ednam, a village about two miles from Kelso, in the county of Roxburgh. His father was the minister of the place, and wished his son to be "a minister" also; but after studying for two years at the University of Edinburgh, "Jamie" set out in 1725 for London, with some introductory letters, and above all, a poem. his "Winter," stored up in his wallet.

The MS., after some time, found a publisher, but few readers and no praise, until friendly critics—Mr. Whately and Aaron Hill—told the public they ought to like it: whereupon the said public took the hint and began to find numerous beauties in the work. Thus encouraged, the poet rapidly produced his "Summer" in 1727, "Spring" in the next year, and completed the seasons, by the publication of "Autumn" in 1730. These and other poems brought him money; active patrons procured for him sinecure offices under Government, one being the secretaryship of briefs, bestowed by Lord Chancellor Talbot, and another the surveyorship of the Leeward Islands! The poet did not, of course, think of going to these islands, but enjoyed the profits of the office in England.

Thomson's fame will rest upon "The Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence," published in the last year of his life; but his laboured, though cold, poem on "Liberty," and several of his tragedies, were for a time popular.

Both Ednam and Richmond may reasonably rejoice in being associated with a poet who has well described the quiet richness of English scenery, and strengthened his verses by linking them with glowing sympathy for Nature and for man. No occasional violations of taste, or want of finish, can hide the pure beauty of his poetic pictures, or dim his descriptions of "hills and dales, of woods and lawns."

W. D.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES.

A FAIRY PARABLE.



N the midst of a large garden there grew a beautiful rose-tree, which was quite covered with flowers. In each of the roses there lived a tiny fairy. In the centre rose the queen lived, and she was a most lovely lady, with beautiful little wings, a golden crown on her head, and a wand in her hand.

Behind each leaf of the rose she had a small chamber, and in the centre was her throne-room. She used to sit on the middle leaf for a throne, and from that exalted place she ruled over all the flowers excepting one, and that was a proud and stuck-up Tulip, who would not acknowledge the Rose to be queen of the garden.

In this tulip lived a little Elf, so small that no

human eye could see him. Now this Elf was very spiteful, and considered he ought to be king; so he tried all he could to make the flowers rebel, and a great many took his side. The crocuses, hyacinths, and all the tulip's relations—and she had a great many, all of different colours—followed him, besides most of the insects, who were the inhabitants of those painted kingdoms. But the Fairy had the violets, snowdrops, daisies, and most of the other flowers, besides the birds and butterflies. The Elf was smaller than the fairies, and could fly about in the daytime without any one seeing him. He used to visit the whole of his army, and arrange all his schemes by daylight; but the birds were the Fairy's friends, and used to perch on a tree near her, and sing to her, and tell her all her enemy's plots.

One day a little bird came and sang to the Rose-queen, and told her the Elf was coming with all his people to see her the next night, so she must be on her guard in case of war. The Queen got all her army in order, and sat in state on her throne to receive the Elf.

As soon as night fell, the fairies, peeping from between the leaves of the roses, saw a long cavalcade coming, with the Elf at their head. There came a whole army of elves out of all the tulips, crocuses, and hyacinths; then toads, frogs, and lizards from behind the large rockery in the shrubbery; after them came snails and slugs, and lots of other creeping things, and last of all a large tortoise. The Queen was quite ready, and sat on her throne, with the Queen of the bees by her side, and her whole court of fairies around her. The Elf advanced very slowly with his troop, and at last drew up in a long line before the rose-tree, and addressed the Queen as follows:—

"Most gracious lady, and good and beautiful fairy. Ah!" said he to himself; "I think that's a good beginning; she can't fail to be pleased with that." Then he began again: "Most gracious lady, and good and beautiful fairy, I have come to show you mercy, and I offer to share my kingdom with you, and I will graciously pardon all my rebellious subjects, if you will consent to my treaty; if not, I will——"

But here he was cut short, for the fairies were so indignant at this insult to their queen that they fell on him, and beat him and his people so severely with their wands, that they retired in great confusion.

But the Elf was not at all abashed at this defeat, for as soon as he had recovered himself, and got his army into working order again, he set to with more subtlety and skill to poison the minds of the fairies against their queen. There are discontented people in even the best and most admirably-governed kingdoms, and the Rose-queen's subjects were no exception to the rule, and, though she was a good sovereign, there were many fairies quite ready to take up arms against her, in any one's cause who seemed to offer them more advantages than they already possessed; but just at

this period something happened that changed the whole course of their lives, and left them without a queen.

One day, as the Fairy was asleep in her bed-chamber behind one of the rose-leaves, there came a young girl, who, after looking at all the roses, cut the middle one and fastened it in her hair. The Fairy slept so soundly in the rose that she had no idea where she was, and was very much astonished, on waking, to find herself in the lady's hair. She peeped out from her rose-coloured bed-curtains, and saw a number of ladies and gentlemen playing a game in a very large garden. She looked about and saw the most lovely flowers, and thought this must be a beautiful country she had got into, much larger and finer than her own.

While she was looking about her, the game that the mortals were playing stopped, and the young girl strolled round the garden, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, and entered what seemed to the Fairy a splendid palace, but what in reality was only a conservatory. There she saw most beautiful flowers, so gorgeous in colour—she had never seen anything half so brilliant before. Such grand and magnificent fairies lived in these palaces, they quite looked down upon her, poor little thing! and tossed up their heads, and turned up their noses, and said they were of foreign blood, and the Queen of the Roses was not fit to be their kitchen-maid.

The poor little Fairy hung her head at these cruel words, and was glad when the lady and gentleman left the conservatory, and returned to the lawn to tea.

The little Fairy looked from her rose-leaves, and thought that some of the ladies were very pretty, but much too big. They seemed very happy as they laughed and talked and drank their tea. She wondered if they lived in roses like herself, and if they did, how they got into them; whether they doubled themselves up, they were so big; and then they had no wings—that seemed to the Fairy very funny.

While she was thinking of these things, all the people rose and walked away, the young lady among the rest. They went to the smooth lawn where they had before been playing, and began to dance. But they did not dance like the fairies, whirling round in a ring in the air, they turned round and round on the ground, and jogged up and down in such a manner that it made the poor little Queen feel sick. Then the music was so loud, it quite frightened her. At last she was so overcome with fatigue that she dropped asleep, and fell plump out of the lady's hair on the ground at her feet.

The gentleman picked up the rose, and the Fairy heard him ask the lady if he might keep it. She said, yes, so he put the poor flower, which was drooping and half dead like the Fairy within it, into his waistcoat pocket.

The poor little queen was half suffocated in that close, dark place, and she could hear something

going thump, bump, bump, thump. It made such a noise it quite alarmed her at first; she thought it must be some one knocking at a door over her head. She called out, "Come in," as loud as she could, but no one came. She called again, with the same result. After calling half-a-dozen times, it suddenly struck her that it must be that thing which she had heard human beings had in their bosoms, and that was—yes! it must be—a heart.

It seemed so long to the Fairy in her little dark prison before she was let out; but in reality it was not many hours before the young man went home, and going to his desk, he took the rose out of his pocket, and touching a spring, a small drawer flew open, in which he gently laid the rose, and pushing the drawer to, he shut the desk and went to bed.

A long, long time the Fairy stayed there—long after the rose was withered and dead. She often heard people come to the desk, but no one ever opened the drawer, and although she called loudly, nobody heard her, fairy voices not being able to pierce the dullness of human ears.

At last she fell asleep, and slept a long while. She was suddenly roused by a loud click. It was the spring of the drawer. It flew open, and she was free! The first use she made of her liberty was to look to see who had set her free. She saw an old man standing before her. He had raised the rose in his hand, and seemed to be trying to remember how it came there.

The Fairy, as she stood on the edge of the drawer watching him, saw his hand suddenly tremble; the rose fell, dropping to pieces in its fall, and the old man sank into a chair with his hands before his face, and murmured, "Twenty years ago! is it possible? twenty years ago!"

"Twenty years ago," thought the Fairy. "Have I been shut up twenty years? Well, how the time passes, to be sure! I wonder how my kingdom is getting on. But hush! I must find out this old man's story."

"Twenty years ago!" murmured the old man again. "Is it so long since you and I parted, Alice?" and I might have been a happy man, with children round me, to cheer me in my old age, if I had only trusted you;—if I had only trusted to your good and noble heart! And now!—and now you are dead! and I am old, miserable, and alone!" and the old man laid his head on his hands and wept, and the Fairy looking down on him, saw on the table at his side, a miniature of a very beautiful girl, and it was the face of the lady in whose hair she had lain. Then she read the story aright. This was the young man who had taken the rose, but through mistrust and jealousy had lost his happiness for life, and the young lady, sad at being mistaken, had pined away and died.

The Fairy looked round the desolate room, and her

eyes filled with tears at so much misery and desolation. "Not even human beings," she thought, "the highest and mightiest work of creation, are perfectly happy. And have I been shut up twenty years to find out *this*, to witness so much unhappiness, and not be able to relieve it? I will go back to my kingdom and see how they are getting on. And yet! there is one way to make this miserable old man happy: shall I try it? Yes! I will."

So she wafted a kiss to the lonely old man, that caused him to start up and shiver as he held out his arms with the cry, "I come, Alice—I come!" and the Fairy saw him fall back in his chair as though he were asleep. And she felt glad, for she knew he suffered no more pain, but was happy and at rest.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

89. Where in the New Testament is the turning of water into blood mentioned?

90. Show that fish was greatly used as food in Egypt.

91. The Lord sought to kill a man in an inn as he was on a journey with his wife and child.

92. A king who sent three sets of messengers to seize his enemy, but each set joined themselves to the party of that enemy. At last the king himself arrived, but the same irresistible desire seized him also.

93. A woman was won by the bravery of a warrior, and became his wife. After the husband fled from his country, she married another man; but when he became great, he sent to the king of the country he had left, and demanded his wife. The king took her from her husband, and sent her under a soldier escort; her husband followed weeping, until sent back by the captain.

94. "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards him." Whose are these words?

95. What three things did the Lord cite as requisite for the bringing forth of good fruit?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 160.

81. Issachar (1 Chron. xii. 32).

82. "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning" (Gen. xxxvii. 35).

83. Gen. xxxv. 5.

84. Exod. xii. 23, 2 Sam. xxiv. 16, 2 Kings xix. 35.

85. David (1 Sam. xx. 3).

86. Four (Gen. iii. 20, Gen. iv. 1, 2 Cor. xi. 3, 1 Tim. ii. 13).

87. Seven days (Exod. vii. 25).

88. Exod. iv. 23.

STRAY NOTES.

CHESTNUT-TREES grow to a great age and size; but that of Mount Etna, so famed by travellers as 160 feet in circumference, is now believed to have been composed of several trunks united together. The great chestnut-tree of Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, of which the remains still exist, bore the same name in the reign of King Stephen, and was a boundary tree in that of King John. The Spanish chestnut-trees in Betchworth Park, near Dorking, in Surrey, are thought to be coeval with the first Betchworth Castle, founded in 1377. A chestnut-tree near the village of Vernet is supposed to have been planted in the time of Calvin, at the dawn of the great religious struggle in Switzerland.

In the fourteenth century English poets were not so plentiful as they are in these versatile days. The pious and learned Dr. Rolle, who flourished in that age, was no doubt more talked about than he would now have been. But there was a certain quaint power in his writing which I think might be relished even in this later generation. Hear how he speaks—

OFF THE BLYSSE THAT ES IN HEVENE.

Ther es ever lyf withoute eny deth,
And alle joyes that beth spoken with one breth,
And ther es ever youthe without any elde,*
And ther es al manere welthe that men may welde,†
And ther es ever reste withoute eny travayle,
And ther es al manere good that never shal fayle,
And ther es ever pees withoute eny stryf,
And ther es al manere lyknyng‡ of lyf,
And ther es ever, withoute derknesse, lyght,
And ther es ever day and never nyght,
And ther es ever somer bryght for to se,
And ther es no wynter in that contre,
And ther es ever worship and more honour.
Than ever here hadde kyng or emperoure,
And ther es al manere power and myght,
And ther wol God our wonnyng dyght.§
And ther es joy and blysse ever lastyng,
And ther es ever myrthe and lyknyng,
And ther es parfyte joye the whuch es endeles,
And ther es grete blysfultede of pees,
And ther es swetnesse the whuch es certayn,
And ther es a dwellyng without turnyng agayn,
And ther es grete melodye and aungeles souge,
And ther es ever preysyng and thankyng amonge,
And ther es al manere frendship that may be,
And ther es ever parfyte love and charyte,
And ther es ever good acorde and onhede,§
And ther es yeldyng of mede for eche good dede,
And ther es a loutyng¶ with grete reverence,
And ther es ever buxomnesse** and obedyence,
And ther es al thyng that es good at wylle,
And ther es no thyng that may be ylle,††
And ther es al wysdom withoute vylonye,
And ther es al honestee withoute vylonye,
And ther es al brightnesse and beaute,
And ther es al goodnesse the whuch may be.

* Old Age. † Wield, manage. ‡ Pleasure.

§ Deck or fit up our dwelling. § Onhood, unity. ¶ Bowing.

** Acquiescence. †† Ill.

A CURIOUS IMAGE!—Peter the Great being once at a town in Poland, heard much of a wonderful image of the Virgin Mary, which had been seen to shed tears during the celebration of mass, and he resolved to examine this extraordinary miracle. The image being highly elevated, he asked for a ladder, and having ascended it, discovered two little holes near the eyes. He put his hand to the head-dress, and lifted up with the hair a portion of the skull. The monks, who stood at the foot of the ladder, quietly regarded the Czar, for they did not imagine he could so soon discover the fraud; when he even put his fingers upon it, they shuddered to behold their miraculous Virgin thus dishonoured. The emperor discovered within the head a basin, whose bottom was even with the eyes. It contained a few small fish, the motions of which agitated the water, and caused it to issue slowly, and by small quantities, from the apertures. He descended the ladder without seeking to undeceive the devotees, but addressing himself to the monks, said, coldly, "That is a very curious image indeed!"

PERSUASION BETTER THAN FORCE.—After the irritated bands of the aborigines of Tasmania had slain many of the colonists and cruelly slaughtered their shepherds and servants at the various outposts, and £27,000 had been in vain expended to subdue them by force, and all had failed to procure peace by means of what was called the Black War, it was restored by other means than by extirpation of the original inhabitants by war. He who was the means of doing this was an intelligent and active man named Robinson, a bricklayer by trade. He undertook the apparently impossible task of bringing in every aboriginal—man, woman, and child—to Hobart Town. This singular service he effected with great perseverance and skill. After they were brought in by his influence, they were shipped to Flinder's Island, where they were amply provided, at the expense of Government, with food, raiment, and habitation, and even medical attendance. The question naturally arises, How did he perform this great and honourable work? He went unarmed into the bush, accompanied by an aboriginal woman, his sole companion in the good work. He met the different tribes of the natives, and used such persuasive and effectual arguments, that all his diplomacy was crowned with success. He accomplished his object after a month's diligent labour. To estimate aright the value of his work, we must remember that he solely by his service, by the wisdom, prudence, and firmness which he displayed, accomplished that which Colonel Arthur, with the aid of the military and all the male population, with an expenditure of £27,000, failed to effect!